DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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MR. PAUL BINNER.

Paul Binner has resigned from the principalship of the school for deaf-mutes and his active connection with the noble work which he has done so much to build up ended with the close of the school this week. Miss Frances Wettstein succeeds him, temporarily. Though by no means an old man, and an enthusiast in his work, Mr. Binner has been obliged to give up under imperative orders from his physicians.

Mr. Binner will rest for at least a year. He will go to Chicago for a visit to his son and will spend some time in that city. Twelve years ago he was the teacher of German in the Seventh district school. Five years previous to that time the Wisconsin Phonological Institute came into existence and gave out as its purpose the promotion of teaching speech to the deaf and dumb. A little school was opened in a small frame building on the south side under Prof. Adam Settner. That school was taught in German, but it failed to make the desired progress.

About this time the attention of the office was called to Mr. Binner, who was then making a specialty of treating stammering and other impediments of speech. So successful was he and so thoroughly he appeared to understand the treatment of imperfections of speech that he was at once secured to take charge of the institute. Making himself thoroughly accomplished by the school, Mr. Binner took charge. Then the society sent him to Germany to visit the schools for the deaf and the dumb. He also visited the prominent schools in this country and on his return began the work of teaching the dumb to talk by observing the movements of the lips.

His work was so successful as to attract attention throughout the state and resulted in the Legislature, in 1885, enacting a law that provided for a day school for the deaf in this city. Then Mr. Binner's school was transformed into the day school for the deaf, the state furnishing $100 per annum for each pupil. The normal department of Wisconsin Phonological Institute was continued, however, Mr. Binner conducting the work. R. C. Spencer has been given authority to select the successor to Prof. Binner, and the new principal will come from either New York or Philadelphia.

"We feel," said Mr. Spencer, "that Mr. Binner's departure is an irreparable loss to the cause, and while it has been the object of the society to promote the oral method in teaching the dumb, the progress we have been enabled to make has been through Mr. Binner. He has trained the teachers for the Milwaukee day schools, and for the schools in Sheboygan, Manitowoc and Wausau, and if we had more trained teachers, disciples of Binner, there would be many more schools opened throughout the state. Prof. Binner devoted himself unselfishly to this cause and may be considered one of the most deserving benefactors of the dumb."

Prof. Binner graduated a class of five teachers from the Phonologial institute this year. They are Miss Ida S. Shurburn Locke, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Francis Oakes Ellis, Marinette; Mary Laura Funk, Milwaukee; Jennie Cornelia Smith, Eau Claire, and Anna L. Sullivan of Wausau. Miss Shurburn has already been engaged to open a school for the dumb in Oshkosh this fall. Miss Ellis will take charge of a similar school to be opened in Marinette. Miss Smith will open a schol in Eau Claire. Miss Sullivan will take charge of a school to be opened in Fond du Lac and Miss Funk will be attached to the corps in this city. Only a person who knows something of the difficulties incident to teaching deaf-mutes can appreciate the unselfish devotion with which Mr. Binner applied himself to this work at a time when the oral method was a new thing in this country and when the trained assistants whom such teachers can now call to their aid were not to be found in America. There is not a more interesting school in Milwaukee than that attended by the silent children, and it is admitted that no class of unfornuates has made greater advancement than have the deaf and dumb since the effects of the new methods began to manifest themselves, as an increasing number of pupils and teachers trained in those methods went out from the school. A mere perfunctory discharge of routine duties will not suffice in carrying on the work that these teachers have to do; enthusiasm and patience are essentials and both of these qualities Paul Binner brought to his work.—*Milwaukee (Wis) June 29.*

DEAF AS A POST.

About five o'clock, one winter's evening, a gentleman on horseback stopped at an inn which was full of travelers. He rode into the yard, and calling the hostler very loudly, said, "Here, take care of my horse, and put him in the stable."

"We have no room," said the hostler. "The stable is full."

"Yes, yes," replied the gentleman, seeming not to hear, "I will think of you to-morrow morning."

"But I tell you there is no room."

"Ay, ay, give him a peck of oats and as much hay as he will eat," said the traveler, and, leaving his horse he made the best of his way into the house.

"He must be a fool," said the hostler.

"I think he is deaf," said the stable boy; "but at all events, we must take care of his horse. We shall be answerable for it."

Our traveller now entered the house, where the landlady told him as the hostler had done, that it was impossible to lodge him. He cried out loudly enough to stun her:

"No compliments, no ceremony, I beg, ma'am. Your accommodation will be very good. I am easily satisfied, and it is useless for you to speak, for I am so deaf that I can not hear a cannon.

He then took a chair and seated himself by the fire, as if he were at home. Finding no means of getting rid of him, the landlord and his wife determined to let him pass the night in the chair, as the beds were all engaged.

Shortly after, he saw the dinner served in the next room, and immediately took a place at the table. In vain they bawled to him as loudly as possible, that it was a private company, and they would not receive a stranger: he appeared to think that they wished to give him the head of the table, so thanking them for their kind consideration, in stentorian tones, he changed his seat, and rapidly fell to, despite the loud protests of the host and hostess. After eating a hearty meal, he threw a half-crown on the table to pay for his repast; but the landlady pushed it back in disdain, saying.

"What do you suppose that half a crown will pay for such a dinner as you have eaten?"

"Oh! I beg pardon, ma'am," replied he, "I insist on paying for my own dinner; I thank these gentlemen for their politeness, but I will not suffer them to pay for me." Then, looking at his watch, he went out of the room, wishing them all good-night, and soon found his way to a bed-room. The company, after having laughed heartily at his apparent stupidity, sent a servant to see where he was gone. She soon seturned saying, he had taken possession of one of their bedrooms.

They then agreed to go, all together, and turn him out by force; but when they approached the door, they heard him barricading it with the furniture, and talking loudly to himself. They listened and heard him say: "What an unfortunate situation is mine! any one might break open my door, and I should not hear it; those gentlemen may be all honest men, and they may not; therefore, as I have some money, I will sit up all night with my pistols cocked, and if any one should enter, I will shoot him directly." Hearing this, they made no attempt to dislodge him; and he went to bed and passed the night very quietly, leaving the gentlemen who engaged the bed to find a lodging where he could.

The next morning he came down, went to the stable for his horse and led him to the door, by which time the company had assembled to have another laugh at him. As soon as he was mounted, he threw to the servant a crown for his horse and lodging, and also a shilling to the hostler; then changing his manner he said: "Gentlemen, I thank you for the politeness you have shown me; I have to beg pardon of one of you for having taken his bed, but one of my friends was refused a lodging here last night, and he has bet twenty guineas that I could not procure one, so I have played the deaf man to some effect. I leave you to judge if I have done it well."

He then spurred his horse, and left them in amazement.—*Ex.*

BUFFALO.

Mrs. Wm. Borstein, of Indianapolis, Ind., is visiting her old home in this city. She was formerly Miss Mary Marks.

Mr. S. P. Cornelius was prevented from holding service for the deaf July 7th, on account of the funeral of a relation of Mrs. Cornelius, which he attended. He held the regular service yesterday.

Miss Kate Germann wishes to correct an error "Chris" made in his last letter to the JOURNAL. In it he stated she would visit the Kleins in Rochester. She intended to visit hearing friends, but has given up the plan, and will go to Lancaster, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius, and little son Howard, will soon go to Clarence Centre to visit Miss Anna Fisher, an old friend of Mrs. Cornelius. When they return home, Miss Fisher will accompany them and be their guest for some time. Mr. Cornelius is doing well with his camera. Last Wednesday he photographed a group of church excursionists at Edgewater, a beautiful resort on Grand Island, and on Thursday he photographed another at West Falls Glen. Now he will be kept quite busy, as many of them who were in the groups will want to purchase one of the pictures. Lately Mr. Cornelius has had nice jobs at carving veranda posts and railings.

Rev. Dantzer has not yet been heard from. He undoubtedly will be in Buffalo by the first of August. Hope he is enjoying his visit in Evansville, Ind.

Mr. Louis Seelbach and Mr. Robert Watts, who always like to go to the country when the opportunity offers, will go to La Salle, a beautiful surburb of Buffalo, next Saturday, and stay over Sunday. They will stay with a friend of Mr. Seelbach's, who used to be a neighbor of his for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Braven will move from their present home, to a nice cottage not far from their old home.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius will also move soon. Their present location is quite a distance from their relatives, so they wish to live near them. DOROTHY.

Curious and Valuable Pocket-knives.

The American manufacturers of table and pocket cutlery have turned out some splendid work in thecurious and artistic line, but have never succeeded in rivaling the wonderful work of the Sheffield (England) cutlers. One trophy exhibited by the president of one of the big Sheffield concerns is only five-eighths of an inch in length by two-tenths of the same measurement in width, yet it is a perfect knife of brass, steel and ivory, and has 20 blades. Another, only an inch in length when closed, has 70 blades, each of a different shape, illustrating every known form given to knife blades. Another, somewhat larger, of course, has 230 blades, each exquisitely etched with portraits of British celebrities, scenery, etc. As far as the number of blades is concerned, the most wonderful knife ever made (one of regular pocket size) was exhibited by the Sheffield Manufacturers' Union at their Exposition in the fall of 1893. It was made of the very finest steel, brass, gold and pearl, and had 1,840 perfect blades! Each of these blades had its rivet and spring, and closed into the handle like any other knife blade. This curious specimen of cutlery is valued at a sum equal to $500; either of the others mentioned could be bought for $100. In the years past, the Sheffield cutler's triumph was a 100-blade knife made for George IV., which is still present at Windsor Castle

Scientific Safe Making—Manufacture of Burglar Proof Safes.

The latest burglar proof safes and vaults are magnificent specimens of skillful workmanship. Although the doors often weigh tons, they swing as easily on their hinges as a window shutter. After the first great door is thrown back and displays its glittering array of bright locks, its glass incased clocks and its smooth steel bolts, there is another door almost as strong, with bolt and locks of its own. When this is open, it reveals three other doors. The upper two are of thin steel and have no lock. Only papers and books are to be kept in the little pockets or pigeon holes which they inclose.

Under them and shutting in the cash drawer there is the third door with its own lock and bolts. In this safe the size of the cash repository bears about the same relation as a pumpkin seed does to the pumpkin. And it is not only burglar-proof, but fire—warranted, in fact, to stand for at least seventy-five hours the greatest amount of heat that any burning building could give it.

The making of a safe of this kind is a complicated and expensive operation, in the opinion of the Chicago *Record*. All the steel used comes in the form of plates from the works. After having the necessary screwholes bored in them, they are heated to a high temperature and then tempered by suddenly immersing them in water. When they come out they are often a little twisted and warped, and have to be rolled cold and sometimes polished clean by a swiftly moving emery wheel. The noise of this operation is ear-splitting and so rasping that a man with ordinary nerves can hardly endure it. When the plate is perfectly level it is transferred to another machine, where it is clamped tight, and an emery wheel shaves off the edges.

The plates are now put together, first one of hard steel, then one of wrought iron or soft steel, and so on until the necessary thickness is obtained. From the iron the safe receives its tenacious qualities—it cannot be cracked or broken as easily as steel—and the steel imparts a hardness that defies the burglar's drill. The screws are also made of combined steel and iron. Each of them is only long enough to reach through two plates, and the screws which join the third, fourth and fifth plates to the first are never directly under any other screws, so there is no chance for a burglar to bore down through a row of screws. The plates are also drawn very close together, for if any space was left between them a safe-blower might succeed in getting his dynamite into it.

Between the interior and exterior walls of the safe, a large amount of hydraulic cement, combined with other ingredients, usually according to a secret receipt, is packed solidly. In case of fire, the theory is that the water in the cement—about 42 per cent—will, owing to the heat of the outside covering, become steam, partially, at least, and be driven close to the inner wall. Here it will remain and furnish a blanket impervious to heat. All the bolts are cylindrical and from an inch up to two inches in diameter. Combination locks are now used exclusively. The mechanism of most of them is extremely simple. In one lock there are a number of round brass disks or "tumblers," each pivoted at the center on a small shaft which runs through the safe door and connects with the lock knob. Each tumbler has a slit in it just the size of the steel arm which controls the bolts, and reaching nearly back to the center.

When all these slits are together and pointing in exactly the same direction, the arm slips into them and the bolts can be thrown. But if the slit in a single one of the tumblers is even a thousandth of an inch out of line, the arm will not slip back. The disks are set a short distance apart, and small screws with big heads are fastened at random over them. As these strike together in turning, the tumblers whirl, and a man might turn the lock knob a thousand years without once getting the slits in all the tumblers together. But the man who knows just how far to turn one and then how far back again according to the combination numbers, has no trouble at all.

The combination and number are easily changed by changing the screws in the disk. Many of the best safes and vaults are now being provided with time locks. Two and sometimes three clocks are inclosed in glass cases just inside the safe door. When the door is locked, no one can open it again until the clock hands have travelled the set distance around the dial, and touched a little trigger which releases the bolts. More than one clock is used, so that if one runs down the others will go on and perform their duty. In the big banks the vaults are closed about five o'clock in the evening and set to open a little before nine o'clock in the morning. It is a general impression that an expert burglar can open a combination lock by listening to the clicking sounds, but dealers say it is not possible for any one to do it. If a safe owner forgets his combination, the safe has to be bored into—there is no other way of opening it.

Some Facts About Glass.

The most scientific glass workers of to-day are no more proficient in their art than were the craftsmen of ancient Thebes 4,000 years ago. These remarkable artisans, many of whom were priests high in authority, were well acquainted with glass staining, and displayed the highest artistic skill in their tints and designs. The colors were perfectly incorporated with the structure of the vitrified substance and were equally clear on both sides. The priests of Ptah, at Memphis, had a factory for the manufacture of ordinary glass, and also devoted their attention to imitating precious stones, succeeding so well that specimens now found require experts to distinguish them from real gems. They were also acquainted with the use of the diamond for cutting glass. A specimen of beautiful stained glass, now in the British Museum, has the cognizance of Thothmes III engraved upon it.

Spun glass was first brought into practical use about fifty years ago by Jules de Brunfaut, a French chemist, although the art of spinning glass was practised long before that time. He made a thorough study of the subject in Vienna. He first succeeded in softening the hard shiny effect of the glass fabric, giving it a silky effect that was much more pleasing. Next he endeavored to reduce its brittleness by making a spun glass, whose threads were much finer than those of silk, and whose texture was much like that of wool. This glass could readily be woven, and all kinds of articles were made of it. Among other things it was found especially suitable for surgical use, owing to its antiseptic properties and its cleanliness. The fact that glass is unattacked by most acids made the fabric useful for laboratory filters, and nearly all well equipped establishments of the kind now use them. The cloth is, besides, noncombustible and a poor conductor of heat. As the individual fibers are perfectly non-absorbent, grease spots and stains can be readily removed. For this same reason the cloth cannot be dyed, but it can be spun of colored glass and the color is absolutely fast and unchanging.

Up to the beginning of the sixteenth century the glass used in stained-glass work was what is known as "pot metal," that is, it was colored in mass through its entire substance. Painting was only used to bring out the shading and fine line work, and the paint was always brown, which was afterward "fired" into glass. During the sixteenth century a rich yellow stain, obtained by the use of silver salts, came into use. It was also used upon blue glass to produce green effects. Shortly afterward, the irregular depths of tint in the glass were first utilized to give modeling. The ruby glass used at this time, made by placing a thin layer of ruby "pot metal" upon the surface of a sheet of white glass and welding the two together together by heat, as the ruby alone became opaque as soon as any thickness was reached. It soon occurred to some one to cut or grind away the ruby surface to produce white figures on the red ground. By staining the expose portions, they are also able to get rich yellow and red contrasts. This led to extending the pratice to other colored "pot metals," until a great variety of beautiful effects were produced.

When glass contains little or no lime it shows a marked tendency to become opaque upon cooling, probably owing to minute crystallization throughout its structure. The so-called alabaster glass is made by re-heating glass of this kind and allowing it to cool slowly. Opalescent glass is that which possesses the same tendency in less degree. A good "mix," as it is called by glass workers, for alabaster glass, is one hundred parts of quartz sand, forty-five parts of potash, three parts of calcined borax and five parts of silicate of magnesia.—*Scientific American.*

The Secret of Long Life.

M. Barthelemy Saint Hilair, the famous French scholar and politician, who recently entered on his 90th year full of physical and intellectual vigor, has been telling the inevitable interviewer how it is his days have been so long in the land. It is, we are told, the effect of strict adherence to the old precept "early to bed and early to rise," with steady work during waking hours. Every grand old man seems to have a secret of his own. Mr. Gladstone, we believe, attributes his longevity to his habit of taking a daily walk in all weathers, and to his giving thirty-two bites to every morsel of food. Oliver Wendell Holmes pinned his faith on equability of temperature. The late Major Knox Holmes swore by the tricycle, which, in the end, was the cause of his death. Dr. P. H. Van der Weyde, an American octogenarian, not long ago offered himself "as an example of the benign influence of the study and practice of music." Some aged persons give the credit of their long lives to abstinence from tobacco, alcohol, meat, or what not; others to their indulgence in all these things. One old lady of whom we read not long ago as having reached the age of 120 or thereabout, maintained that single blessedness is the real *elixir vitæ*, and she ascribed the death of a brother at the tender age of 90 to the fact that he had committed matrimony in early life. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps believed in horse riding. Mr. James Payn complains that in his boyhood he "got a little bored with too much horse." The Grand Francais seemed to think that one can hardly have "too much horse." In a letter recently published, M. De Lesseps delivered himself on the subject as follows: "I shall always feel deeply grateful to Larine, my riding master, who from my earliest years made me share his keen passion for horses, and I am still convinced that daily horse exercise has in a large measure been the means of enabling me to reach my 84th year in perfect health." Carlyle was also a great rider almost to the end of his long life, and he not only rode, but, we believe, groomed his horse himself. On the whole, it must be concluded that the real secret of longevity is a sound constitution prudently husbanded. The only general rules that can be laid down are those set forth by Adam in "As You Like It":

> Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
> For in my youth I never did apply,
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
> Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
> The means of weakness and debility;
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly.

That is the whole secret of long life. Shakespeare knew it as well as any one, yet he died at 52.—*British Medical Journal.*

NOTICE.

The Charitable Relief Society of Boston will have a picnic in "Lakeview," Lowell, Saturday, July 20th. The Boston & Maine R. R. train leaves Union Station at 9 A.M. sharp. Round trip, $1. Come early.

MRS. CHARLES P. WISE,
MRS. E. W. FRISBEE,
MRS. I. A. BLANCHARD,
Committee.

AMONG TITLED MEN.

I was riding around town with Col. White, when we were hailed from the steps of a store by a man, and the Colonel stopped his horse, and introduced me to Capt. Davids. After we moved on he said:

"If you meet the Captain again he'll be sure to talk war, but he wasn't in it. He's simply a blowhard."

As we drove past the Post Office, a man come out and waved a newspaper at the Colonel and called to him to hold up. We stopped, and the Colonel introduced him as Major Taylor. After we had left him the Colonel said:

"He's another of the same sort. He'll fill you up with army adventures, but he never saw a battle or heard the sing of a bullet."

Down at the oil mills, as we were turning around, some one cried "Hello!" to the Colonel, and a man came up and was introduced as Gen. Whitcomb. He had a decided military bearing, but when we had left him behind the Colonel said:

"I'll give you a pointer on the General, too. He'll reel off army yarns by the rod, and yet the never even had a uniform on."

We didn't meet with any more heroes during the drive, but soon after our return, and while I sat on the hotel veranda waiting for the dinner bell, a gentleman who had very appearance of having led a brigade in a glorious charge to victory came up and introduced himself as Gen. Patton, and added:

"I saw you out riding with Col. White a bit ago."

"Yes, he drove me around town."

"Good fellow the Colonel, but an awful bluffer: was never even sworn into the service, and yet he'll tell you how he was shot all to pieces and left for dead at Cedar Creek."

The General talked for a few minutes and then excused himself, and as I went in to dinner the landlord met me with a smile and a wink and whispered:

"I saw the General out there filling you up. He was in Europe all through the war and has no right to the title!"

"My friend," I said, "is there a Captain, Colonel, Major, or General in this town who was actually in the war and fairly won his title?"

"Only one—just one," he blandly replied.

"And that man—"

"I'm the one! Yes, I'm Col. Jones at your service!"

I had to leave town directly after dinner, but on the train I fell in with a man and happened to speak of Col. Jones to him, and he exclaimed, "Col. Jones? Why sah that man wasn't 15 years old when Gen. Lee surrendered!"—*St. Louis Republic.*

Dont's For Wife.

Don't expect impossibilities from your husband.

Don't snub him in the presence of strangers.

Don't henpeck him just because you know he is quiet and will stand it.

Don't treat him as if you had come down off a pedestal to marry him.

Don't worry him to death because you cannot have your dearest wish granted.

Don't run to your mother with all his faults; rather keep his good qualities to light and hide his failures.

Don't think that now you are married he doesn't care whether you curl your hair or not.

Don't expect him to be amiable with a breakfast of tough steak, greasy potatoes, cold rolls and muddy coffee.

Don't have cold suppers. Remember the nearest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Don't sit up waiting for your husband. Go to bed; and get all the sleep you can. In the morning, when you are looking and feeling your best, if you have anything to say, say it; nine chances out of ten you will win.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JULY 18, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"*He's true to God who's true to man;*
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE press dispatch setting forth that a bill has passed the Connecticut Legislature prohibiting the deaf and dumb from marrying among themselves, is erroneous so far as the deaf and the blind are concerned. It is true such a bill was reported, and it might have been passed, had not friends of the deaf connected with the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, intervened. They succeeded in having the deaf and dumb and the blind stricken out of the original, and the bill that passed reads as follows: "No man and "woman, either of whom is epilep-"tic, imbecile, or feeble-minded, "shall intermarry or live together "as husband and wife, when the "woman is under forty-five years "of age; any person violating or "attempting to violate any of the "provisions of this section, shall "be imprisoned in State prison not "less than three years."

The press dispatch referred to has been extensively copied throughout the country, and an effort should be made to counteract its ill effect by having correction made in all newspapers that printed the mistake. Readers of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will do well to call the attention of local newspapers to this. The rights and privileges of deaf-mutes have not been abridged in any way by Connecticut legislation. They are free to intermarry, and expected to use the same good sense in the selection of life partners as are all other classes of intelligent and educated people. The State gives to all the deaf the boon of a free education, and it would be a condemnation of State educational policy to insinuate through the legislature that such education had been in vain. The chances of producing deaf offspring are not more seriously calculated by humanitarians and scientists than by the deaf themselves. As they are the ones most affected, it is safe to leave the decision in their hands. All this is presupposing that the theory of hereditary deafness is correct, a theory which has not yet been demonstrated, and which finds few believers among those who have any knowledge of the deaf and dumb.

THE celebration of the Golden Wedding of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet on Monday last, was one of the most joyous and memorable features of deaf-mute life in New York that has occurred for an untold number of years. True, there have been gayer parties and picnics and excursions, but none of them ever carried with them a tithe of the aggregate of happiness and genuine good-feeling that characterized the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of the good doctor and his estimable wife. Both are very dear to the hearts of deaf-mutes, and their youthful appearances suggest that they have discovered the elixir of life, the principal ingredient in its composition being to do good to one's fellowmen. That the deaf have the flower of gratitude in their hearts was exemplified beyond the shadow of doubt. As a class, they are not wealthy, but they gave liberally towards the testimonial purse, and there were few who did not consider it a privilege and honor to be allowed to contribute. We hope Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will long be spared to us to prosecute his beneficent work among deaf-mutes, and that, encouraged and cheered by his faithful wife, it will be many long years before age and infirmity will compel him to relinquish his task of love.

OBITUARY.

MRS. E. C. BENEDICT.

Sudden, unexpected, and almost without warning, the announcement of the death of Mrs. E. C. Benedict, which occurred at the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital in New York City, Friday, June 14th, brought grief and mourning into the hearts and homes of all, without exception, who had been privileged to know her and share in the benignant influence of her noble life. Mrs. Benedict's maiden name was Phœbe Overton. She was a native of Long Island, where she was born in January, 1833. While attending a deaf-mute school in New York, she met her future husband, Mr. E. C. Benedict, also a deaf-mute, and their lives and fortunes were united by marriage about forty-two years ago. Soon after the happening, they removed to Victory, Cayuga County, N. Y., where they remained until about five years ago, when they came to Rome and took up a residence with their son, L. N. Benedict, at that time one of the corps of teachers at the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes. About two months since, deceased went to New York and became a patient at the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital, to undergo surgical treatment for polyp of the ear. Two operations were performed, the first about April 16th and the second two weeks later, both of which seemed very successful, and Mrs. Benedict showed every indication of steady improvement and promise of early recovery, up to last Thursday, when internal hemorrhage supervened, causing partial paralysis, and death ensued the following day. The remains were brought to Rome the following Saturday and retained in charge of an undertaker, over Sunday, when they were taken to Victory and interred in the family burial plot.

Mrs. Benedict's affliction was one of the frequently peculiar results of a severe attack of scarlet fever, which visited her while very young, and thereafter she never knew a waking hour free from pain. But her's was a grand, strong nature. She was endowed with a veritable richness of heartful, soulful tenderness and sympathy for others, in the exercise of which she seemed enabled to forget her own physical suffering and the awful deprivation of unobstructed social intercourse with those whose powers of speech and sense of hearing were unimpaired. She was ever patient, always cheerful, of untiring energy, and an unfailing source of help and inspiration to all who walked with her and knew the sunshine of her presence. In her demise, the loss is immeasurable, but she left none comfortless. Her memory is a heritage of consolation; there is no bitterness in the tears, naught but noontide brightness reflected from the cherished lines of her smiling, winsome features, the chief picture in the gallery of recollection of all who knew and, knowing, loved her.

She is survived by a husband and one son, L. N. Benedict, both of this city. Also, her mother who is in her ninetieth year, three brothers and two sisters all of Long Island.

HE HAD ON "QUITE A STILL."

A DEAF AND DUMB MAN'S PLEA IN POLICE COURT.

"You are charged with being drunk," said the clerk to John Garrity in police court Monday morning.

There was no reply. Garrity sat motionless upon the bench.

"You are charged with being drunk, I say," yelled the clerk.

Still there was no response.

"Guess he must be deaf and dumb," put in the court. "Better write it on a piece of paper."

This was done, and Garrity wrote on the opposite side: "Yes, I had on quite a still."

The court observed that for a deaf and dumb man it must have been very still.—*Cleveland World.*

The Oldest Editor in the United States.

"Col Switzler, the Nestor of Missouri journalism, wrote his first editorial for his own paper in 1841. The Sedalia *Capital* claims for him the distinction of being the oldest editor in the United States. He is still a vigorous man."

We quote the above from the New York *Sun* and can go one better. Gen. Hagadorn, the Nestor of New York journalism, wrote his first editorial for his own paper on Staten Island in July, 1837, and is still a vigorous writer and an occasional contributor to several of the maganizes. In this early days he not only wrote his editorials but set the type for them and printed his paper himself on a hand press. He had four years the start of the Missouri editor, hence is the oldest editor in the United States.—*Richmond Co. Herald.*

GALLAUDET -- BUDD.

The Anniversary of their Golden Wedding Fittingly Celebrated.

FIVE HUNDRED GATHER AT OLD FANWOOD.

The Presentation Addresses and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Response.

ALL JOIN IN "AULD LANG SYNE" AND ARE MERRY.

Philadelphia and Boston Send Delegates--Many Prominent Persons Present--Two Hundred Dine Together--Almost the Whole of Dr. Gallaudet's Family Present.

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

It was a glorious day, Monday—as beautiful as it probably was fifty years ago, when Rev. Dr. Gallaudet led the pretty Miss Elizabeth Budd to the altar, for it was a beautiful day then, according to Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, the younger brother, who on that day fifty years ago was told that his older brother would bring home a bride. At that time he little understood what a "bride" was, but as he grew older he learned to know, and to have one himself.

The deaf and hearing friends of the good doctor began pouring in the Institution grounds shortly after noon, and by half past three there were about three hundred present, and the chapel seemed well filled but not crowded. Shortly before four o'clock, Mrs. Gallaudet entered escorted by Prof. E. H. Currier, followed by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, escorted by Mr. E. A. Hodgson, and then came members of his family. All arose and cheered *a la* Chautauqua. It was a pretty sight, and the air was perfumed by the waving handkerchiefs.

Principal Currier made the opening address. He translated it at the same time into the sign-language. Among other things, he said:—

"It gives me great pleasure to welcome you all to the first golden wedding celebration ever held in this institution. It seems to me to be very appropriate that after Dr. Gallaudet's having spent fifteen years as a teacher in this institution that it should take place here."

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald, President of the Half Century Association, who has been with Dr. Gallaudet since his youngest days, and is the oldest member of the church, having been with it from its incipiency thirty-five years ago, then read the following address, which was interpreted orally by Prof. Currier:

Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet:—It is my privilege as the President of the Half Century Association, to heartily congratulate you upon reaching the fiftieth Anniversary of your marriage—your Golden Wedding. Your many friends are thankful that you have had such a long and happy life and been blessed with children and grandchildren. You have done much to promote the temporal and spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes, and our Heavenly Father has blessed you.

I was a member of the Bible class at old St. Stephen's Church in 1850, and attended the first services of St. Ann's Church in 1852. I have, therefore, seen the beginning and growth of pastoral work among my people, and am filled with wonder at its results. I am sure we are thankful that the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was incorporated in 1872, and at length founded the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

We trust that this useful society will go on and enlarge its work from year to year. We trust that your lives may be spared to see new St. Ann's buildings and to know that the Home is placed on a sure foundation, that it may eventually gather all the aged and infirm deaf-mutes of the State of New York who may need its fostering care. This is a most interesting occasion for the deaf-mutes and their friends. But few have ever been present at a Golden Wedding before. We trust that all which may be said and done this afternoon may have a softening and elevating influence upon this whole assembly.

We desire to express our thanks to the Directors and the Principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf for the privilege of holding our celebration here. It seems the most fitting place, for Dr. Gallaudet has had a lifelong connection with it, first as Instructor and then as Director. Mrs. Gallaudet was one of its earliest graduates. We wish the Institution great prosperity for the future.

Let us all ever remember this Golden Wedding Day.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet were then escorted to the platform, and were once more cheered by the waving of handkerchiefs, to which they bowed their acknowledgments.

Mr. Washington Houston and Mrs. H. W. Syle, delegates from Philadelphia, then mounted the platform, and the latter read a presentation address which was embossed on parchment, at the conclusion of which they presented them with a neat case, in which was a sum of gold, said to be nearly one hundred and fifty dollars. The presentation address was as follows:

The deaf of Pennsylvania appreciating the great benefits derived from the unselfish and self-sacrificing labors of Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., during the past fifty years, and desiring to show their appreciation of the same, have availed themselves of the opportunity offered upon the occasion of the GOLDEN WEDDING of their benefactor and his devoted wife, to present this testimonial of their love and esteem.

Fifty years of happy married life are seldom vouchsafed to one who has been so conspicuous in good deeds. That the rest of the time allotted to him and his helpmeet may, by the grace of God, continue to be full of the usefulness and happiness of the past, is the wish of the undersigned:

Mr. Frisbee, of Boston, followed, and after a few appropriate remarks, presented them with a large bouquet of flowers and a purse subscribed by the Boston mutes.

Following came the Presentation Committee of the Half-Century Association, representing New York and vicinity. After an address by Mr. Hodgson, the presentation was made through a little girl pupil—Miss Redlowe—and consisted of a purse amounting to over four hundred dollars in gold, and which was neatly tied up in a silk bag. Following is Mr. Hodgson's presentation address:—

DEAR FRIENDS:—We rejoice with you on this day which marks the happy consummation of your Golden Wedding. It is granted to few to celebrate a half-century anniversary of wedded life, and rarer still has fifty years of love and life been more wisely consecrated to the service of Almighty God. Some of us here to-day, remember you in the flush and bloom of youth, and all of us know and appreciate your long record of faithful work in the cause of unfortunate humanity. You have sown good seed, and beheld the harvest crowned with the rich fruitage of success. Disdaining the paltry prizes of worldly ambition, you have labored with a humble faith, akin to that which stretched forth yearning hand content if it might only touch the garment hem of Christ. Following in the footsteps of a sainted father, you have given added lustre to his name. What would the deaf have been without your ministering aid? To them the sacred offices of the Church were inaccessible; to them the Gospel of Christ crucified was never preached; to them it was denied to hear "the pealing anthem swell the note of praise." But in the morning of your manhood you came to them and brightened life's pathway with the radiance of hope and faith. And you have been with them as counselor and consoler through all the trials and tribulations that beset the way, a friend alike in joy and sorrow, in whom they always found the depth and breadth of human sympathy. You founded for them a blessed haven of retreat that bears your name, where those who have been beaten in the strife can spend the eventide of life in peace and comfort. It makes us very happy to see you both so hale and hearty to-day, and it thrills us with a sense of gladness to greet you on this auspicious occasion.

"With fifty years between you and your
well-kept wedding vow,
The Golden Age, dear friends of ours, is
not a fable now
And sweet as has life's vintage been
through all your pleasant past,
Still, as at Cana's marriage feast, the
best wine is the last."

Accept, dear friends, this humble tribute of most grateful hearts. It is but a feeble testimonial, yet our hope and wish is that it may convey to you our sense of love and gratitude, which neither words nor substance can properly express. May time deal gently with you as the years glide by, and may the God whom you have served so faithfully give to you peace and happiness and every comfort—a wish to which the hearts of the "Children of silence" will echo a responsive Amen.

Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet appeared to be deeply touched by these manifestations of love and reverence from their friends. Dr. Gallaudet responded, thanking the delegates from Philadelphia and Boston, and the "Half-Century Association," and all his friends, for their kind remembrance. Then he read the following prepared address in signs, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet interpreting for the hearing people:

To the officers and members of the Half-Century Association, the Directors and Principal of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and to all others who have been associated with them in the commemoration of this anniversary, my beloved wife and I return heartfelt thanks for this touching manifestation of their affection and esteem.

Much as I loved my deaf-mute mother, I made up my mind in my college days that I would not marry a deaf-mute wife. I left my native city, Hartford, Conn. (where my father established the first school for the deaf and dumb in the United States), in September, 1843, and became an instructor in the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, under Dr. Harvey P. Peet. I met a member of the advanced class, Miss Elizabeth R. Budd, of New York City. She was so beautiful and intelligent that she soon converted me from my youthful decision. We were drawn towards each other so strongly, and yet so tenderly, that before many months had passed away we were engaged to be married.

The wedding took place on the evening of the 15th of July, 1845, in the Church of the Ascension, northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 10th Street, New York City. The ceremony was performed by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Bedell, a Director of the Institution who afterwards became the Bishop of Ohio. Dr. H. P. Peet kindly acted as interpreter. The galleries of the church were filled with pupils of the Institution who had that afternoon taken part in the closing exercises of the session. We received the congratulations of many friends, and began a married life which has proved a most happy one. We lived for several years with my wife's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Budd. In 1858, I resigned my connection with the Institution, and gave myself to the work of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes and their hearing friends. In July, 1859, we bought the church property on West 18th Street, near Fifth Avenue, which originally belonged to Christ Church. In November, 1859, our family moved into the rectory, where we lived for upwards of thirty-five years.

God has given my wife and me seven children. The eldest, Caroline, married a merchant—Mr. A. D. Shaw. They have a daughter and son grown up. They live in Staten Island. Virginia and Elizabeth are with us, our home now being at 114 West 13th Street, New York. Bern, a surgeon in New York, married Miss Elise Elderkin, about a year ago. Sarah is the wife of Rev. Richard M. Sherman, Jr., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Newark, N. J. Edith is at home. Her twin-brother, Laurent Clerc, died in 1870, when he was seventeen months old. We were very sorrowful at his departure, but were afterwards comforted with the assurance that the angels had borne him to Paradise, where we believe we shall see him again, in God's good time. We are glad we can say to you all that we have been a happy family—accepting the truths God has revealed to us through his dear Son.

During our long married life, my wife and I have seen many changes. We have parted with many relatives and friends. We have known many of the prominent educators of deaf-mutes who have passed away, letting their mantles fall on those who were ready to take their places. We have seen many alterations in the methods of teaching deaf-mutes, and now rejoice that they are so generally united in the Combined System. We have seen the number of schools for deaf-mutes largely increased, and a national college for their benefit established by the Government, at Washington, D. C. We have seen the sign-language enlarged, developed and strengthened. While its mission has been misunderstood by some, the great majority of teachers agree with their silent friends that *signs* are to the deaf what *sounds* are to the hearing. We depreciate any influences towards decrediting this graphic way of imparting ideas to the deaf through their eyes. We have seen remarkable results from small beginnings in pastoral work among deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, New York City; in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia; in Grace Church, Baltimore; in the numerous missions established in mid-western dioceses and in other places. We have loved the first deaf-mute received to Holy Orders, the Rev. Henry Winter Syle, and have wondered why the Master called him so early to Paradise, when he was doing so much for his brethren and sisters. We appreciate the labors of the Rev. Messrs. Mann, Turner, Koehler, Cloud and Dantzer, the Rev. Dr. Clerc, and the Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain, Berry and Searing, and pray our Heavenly Father to bless them all. We speak of these specially, because they are working on the system of the Book of Common Prayer, which we believe to be the best for deaf-mutes, after they have acquired a knowledge of the English language. We love and respect others, however, who are trying to lead deaf-mutes to Christ according to their conceptions of the truth. May all who are laboring in this peculiar field be drawn together in unity. We have seen wonderful progress which deaf-mutes have themselves made in cultivating their social and intellectual life, in societies and conventions, in lectures and debates, and other ways. We are thankful for the incorporation of "The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes," in October, 1872, seeing that it can cultivate a much larger field than St. Ann's Church assumed, and engage in a larger number of departments. This Society has founded a Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, to which the Trustees have given our name. We hope to see it well endowed, and ministering to all whom it is best to gather under its care from the State of New York. We trust that all the deaf-mutes in our State will do what they can to support this Home, so beautifully situated on a large farm by the Hudson River, six miles below Poughkeepsie.

As we all pass along through our mysterious earthly pilgrimage, let us daily ask our Heavenly Father to send us, through His dearly beloved Son, the guidance and comfort of His Holy Spirit, and the protection of the angels. May we be in harmony with the redeemed in Paradise, and may we ever resist the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Thus shall we uphold the sanctity of marriage, make a good use of this world's goods, cultivate the graces of faith, hope and charity; win a a good name, and at last be received into the unalloyed joys of heaven.

Again my dear wife and I thank you for all you have done to-day to honor our Golden Wedding. May the richest blessings rest upon you all, now and forever.

Telegrams of congratulation were received from many friends from all parts of the country, many being from distinguished people—clergymen and educators of the deaf. Many presents had been sent to their home, and altogether the fiftieth anniversary of their wedding was being celebrated in magnificent style.

Dr. Gallaudet said that he became known by his present sign, from the fact that when he was a little boy he wore long curls, and Mrs. Gallaudet—because she blinked her eyes in a cunning way when a young lady.

A poem written by Miss Alice C. Jennings, of Boston, Mass., especially for the occasion, was then sung in signs by Miss Alice Judge, a pupil. It was entitled, "Golden Wedding Chimes":

GOLDEN WEDDING CHIMES.

Hark! the note of welcome sounding
Strong and joyous, full and clear;
As, thy path to-day surrounding,
Greeting we would bring thee here.
List the glad-toned chorus ringing
Through our whole broad land to-day;
Grateful hearts by thousands bringing
Tributes at thy feet to lay.

Fifty springs their hope enfolding;
Fifty gleams of autumn's glow;
Fifty summers grand unfolding;
Fifty pearls of winter's snow:
And the *Budd* to blossom growing
Crowned with richest fruitage now
Stands beside thee, glad, and glowing
With Heaven's peace upon her brow.

Faithful still the mantle wearing
Of the father true and tried;
In his noble purpose sharing:
Lo! its fruitage far and wide
Spreads in brightened hearts and faces;
Many a one whose ear is sealed
Life with firmer footstep traces
For the strength by thee revealed.

When our hands in wedlock joining,
One in heart and one in name;
When our little ones we bring thee
And the Triune blessing claim;
When the last farewell is spoken,
And beside our dead we stand;
Sweeter seems each sacred token
When it comes from thy dear hand.

Upward, ever upward pointing
To the holy and the high;
Priest of God! by thine anointing
We are brought to Him more nigh,
Golden words we fain would bring thee
Speaking of our truth and love;
But the full reward awaiteth
In the golden light above.

As the west grows bright and brighter
With the "light at evening-time,"
Still with stronger note and sweeter
May your hearts together chime,
Till, a grander welcome knowing,
Holier guerdon yours shall be;
Service on "these least" bestowing,
"*Ye have done it unto Me.*"

Following came Mr. John Henr Hogan, a pupil, who declaimed a poem written by himself—entitled "Life's Golden Eventide":

LIFE'S GOLDEN EVENTIDE.

Life's golden eventide is here!
Still 'bide the happy nuptial pair,
Of noonday's pride, light-touched by care;
Dear, each to each—to others dear.

With glory's benice, life declines;
On silvered locks and wrinkled brow,
On tranquil, cheery faces—now
The setting sun in splendor shines!

Fond union of heart and heart,
Unaltered still, by time or change;
O'er fifty years *their* pleasures range,
United once, to never part!

Protecting Power, whose hand hath stayed
The ravages of fleeting time,
The preying cares of youth and prime,
Thy kindness—is it ill repaid?

When darkness veiled the light of day
To those who scoffed in dire disdain;
Who reared the stately Empire fane,
That they—*the deaf*—might *see*, and *pray*?

Who gave, and ceases not to give,
The kind support of eager hand
To mis'ry's cause, throughout the land,
That weaklings might, and still may, live?

Whose pity raised the Home that bears
His name, unto the deaf and dumb,
Where aged and infirm may come,
To rest in peace from preying cares?

Ah, brightly glows *his* life-course grand,
Like to the sun-path—looking back
At eventide, on fading track,—
A golden retrospect at hand!

After this Prof. W. G. Jones recited "Auld Lang Syne," the audience joining in the chorus. It was very amusing and put all into a jolly mood, all lifting an imaginary cup to their lips for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

Rev. Mr. Chamberlain made a few reminiscent and congratulatory remarks, followed by Rev. Job. Turner, the latter of whom had known Dr. Gallaudet for sixty-two years. He related when Dr. Gallaudet was a boy, his father was disgusted with the unsightly signs his son used to make, and one day almost wept over the fact, but today the doctor is a graceful sign-maker.

Rev. Dr. DaCosta, pastor of St. John the Evangelist church spoke in a witty strain, and expressing an interest for the welfare of the deaf. He said that if he ever married again, he would prefer the daughter of a deaf mother; in other words, would prefer a deaf mother-in-law.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet followed, telling of several amusing incidents of the boyhood days of himself and his brother.

He well remembered when his brother and the then Miss Budd were married in 1845, and said that she wore a pink dress, and asked Mrs. Gallaudet if it was not so, and she answered in affirmative.

After the chapel exercises, Mr. Pach took a photograph of the assemblage, after which they enjoyed themselves in social intercourse on the piazza, front lawn, and in the library and reception room.

At six o'clock, those wearing ribbons of identification, bearing the words, "Gallaudet–Budd, 1845–1895," filed into the spacious din-in-groom, where light refreshments were served. They remained seated over half an hour, and good cheer prevailed throughout. Dr. Gallaudet and almost his entire family were seated at one table.

As to those present, the list taken from the register-book in the library will suffice:

New York City—John F. O'Brien, I. N. Soper, Theo. I. Lounsbury, Theo. A. Froehlich, Rev. Mr. John Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield Usher, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. McMann, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Meisel, Mr. and Mrs. James Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Meinken, C. J. LeClercq, Irwin Oppenheimer, S. M. Brown, Miss Nathalie M. Jones, Misses C. V. and Juana P. Hagadorn, Mrs. E. Hanneman, Theo. S. Rose, U. Munger, M. Levy, T. W. Haight, H. C. Kohlman, G. Lindemann, Mrs. W. Buhle, Wm. Speiden, W. Jewett, Alex. T. Lane, August Neiser, E. Balsam, Adam Singer, J. Alexander, Mrs. T. D. and Minnie E. Olin, M. W. Loew, John Ingebrand, R. Harth, Minnie Elkin, Dora Labishner, Miss F. M. Taggard, Mrs. J. E. Hegeman, Mary A. Renwick, Mrs. M. Haler, Ida Anspach, Mrs. B. C. Lockwood, Miss Alice Judge, Miss Margaret H. Jones, Gustav Fersenheim, L. D. Sullivan, Richard R. Wallace, C. E. Vernon, K. H. Jones, M. P. Carit, Mary Conzelman, Salina Simons, Henry Simons, Johanna Zettel, Mrs. A. M. Yankauer, H. F. Greer, Miss E. Cannon, Mrs. H. Evans, Miss Angie Kaler, Miss E. M. Power, Simon Hirsch, Jr., Alfred Klemme; Herman, Abe and Morris Hanneman, Henry Frey, E. Bloom, S. Frankenheim, John Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Redmond, Mrs. Sarah Ryer, Mrs. S. E. Kipp, A. Capelli, J. H. Hogan, Frank Campbell, Joseph Rosenthal, William Watkins, A. H. Kohlmetz, F. A. Stratton, Emil Basch, J. D. Mendez, Isaac Golland, Jr., Max Miller, Clara Davis, Gussie Berley, Mary Branfuhr, Godfrey Branfuhr, Jr., W. L. Hanson, Miss Prudence Lewis, Ormond E. Lewis.

Brooklyn—James F. Donnelly, Thos. Godfrey, P. F. Redington, John Dubrawszky, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Tobin, Mrs. Grace Sullivan, Mrs. McIlwraith, Annie E. Robins, Mamie Wilding, Fred G. Backus, Thos. W. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Mrs. Rose Hegeman, Howard G. Hegeman, Fred Knox, Geo. D. Kinsey, Elnora Rose, Wm. G. Gilbert, Mrs. Isabella Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Lounsbury, Peter Adler, I. W. Parker, John B. Valles, Maria Robinson, Mrs. G. D. Kinsey.

Albany—Wm. G. Shanks.

Tarrytown—Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Van Tassell, Mr. and Mrs. M. Leary and daughter Florence, Mr. Henry McClave.

Yonkers—C. Q. Mann, R. E. Maynard, Wm. W. W. Thomas.

Poughkeepsie—Miss Lizzie P. Nelson.

Buffalo—Edward F. Hahn.

Amityville, L. I.—Mrs. E. V. Brown.

Nyack—Miss Kate Blauvelt.

Harlsdale—Hugh W. Minor.

Newark, N. J.—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Sherman, Miss Ada M. Vanness, F. J. Fullings, Miss S. L. Crane, Isaac C. Bates.

Trenton—Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Porter.

Orange—Satie C. Howard.

East Orange—Mrs. W. H. Halsey.

West Hoboken—Mrs. P. A. Campbell, Miss Lina Landt.

Bound Brook, N. J.—Frank B. Thompson.

Roseville—Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Bothner.

Mountain View, N. J.—Mrs. S. W. McClelland.

Philadelphia—Mrs. H. W. Syle, Irene M. Syle, Washington Houston, John Wismer.

Easton—Alex. L. Pach, Wm. L. Davis.

Sharon, Pa.—Miss Jennie Traxler.

Everett, Mass.—Edwin W. Frisbee.

South Norwalk, Conn.—Miss Tillie Hericht.

New Milford—Harry W. Sharp.

Winsted—Mrs. Gorham D. Abbott.

Staunton, Va.—Rev. Job Turner.

Georgetown, S. C.—F. L. Hagadorn.

Flint, Mich.—Miss Florence H. Jones.

Belfast, Ireland — Sarah Ann Vermer, Samuel Vermer.

In the evening, dancing was indulged in, in the girls' sittingroom, which was gaily decorated with bunting, and the time was whiled away in all conceivable ways, until about eleven o'clock, when the departure for home began. Music was furnished by a regular band. Charles J. LeClercq acted as floor-manager, assisted by A. Capelli.

It was a magnificent celebration, and one not soon to be forgotten. It will last in the memory of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet for the rest of their lives.

MARIA LUMBARGH GONE.

THE EX-DEAF-MUTE TAKES HER MONEY AND HER DEPARTURE.

Maria Lumbargh, the deaf-mute, about whom much has been said and written, left the Y. W. C. A. yesterday afternoon and has not since been heard of. In consequence of the alleged miraculous restoration of her speech a couple of weeks ago, the girl attracted some attention and sympathy, and several kind-hearted people gave her money, one gentleman slipping a five-dollar bill into her Testament.

Yesterday afternoon Maria got this money from Miss Strachan, the matron, and, taking what other change she had, left, saying that she was going to buy a print dress for herself and would be back. Not having returned by the evening, Miss Strachan instituted enquiries, thinking that Maria had gone to the house of a friend, a deaf-mute of a highly respectable family, to take tea. Finding that she had not been there the case was reported to the police, but the officers have seen nothing of her.

On Saturday Mayor Stewart notified the ladies of the Institution that the city would no longer contribute to the young woman's support. He had had Dr. Bates examine her for deafness, and the doctor reported that the patient talked as well to a phonograph as to a person, therefore the story that she knew what was said to her by watching the motions of the lips did not hold water. This fortified the Mayor's opinion that the girl is an impostor and led him to withdraw aid. The ladies, however, decided that Maria could stay at the Institution until she got work. They know of no reason why she should have left. She had enough money to take her far from Hamilton.—*Hamilton, Ont., Times, July 9.*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY
JULY 21.

St. Ann's in the Church of St. John the Evangelist, 3.30 P.M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion, 3 P.M.

St. Peter's Church, Portchester, 3 P.M.

COLUMBUS.

The Aftermath of the Flint Convention.

SCANT OFFICIAL COURTESY.

A Few Notes from the Buckeye State

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

Put it down that the Fourteenth Convention of the American Instructors of the Deaf was one of the largest yet held. There were many veterans of the profession missing, but thus number was more than made up by the younger element.

There were those who thought the plan of dividing the convention up into departments, and giving each a certain time for deliberation, did not work well. For instance when the Oral Department had the floor one afternoon, those not especially interested in the work found it more convenient to be outside than listening to papers upon the subject. Thus it was with other departments. The best attendance upon meetings was at the proposed adoption of the constitution of the Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, and the election of officers. In our judgment, at future conventions it would be best not to divide up the work into departments, but act as a committee of the whole, and mix up the papers for reading and discussion for the morning or afternoon's programme. There was evidence of dissatisfaction among many members of the long-winded papers and speakers. In several instances it would have been better if the papers had been permitted to have been passed by, and allowed to be printed, for the interpretation of them to the deaf gave little satisfaction.

Out of all the officers elected, only one deaf person secured a prize. This is out of all proportion to their number present. The ladies did not fare much better, though they seemed in the majority of those in attendance.

The exhibits of school work textbooks used and industrial displays of pupils' work, formed one of the most interesting features of the convention, and was much admired by members. The Industrial display of the Michigan School was certainly fine, as well as the best exhibit. The large case in the hall as well as stands, racks, tables, etc., received numerous plaudits, but then one must remember that the school has a master hand in the carpenter shop to instruct the boys, who has retained his position for many years. The articles from the tailor shop were also much admired. The Art department of the school and the work exhibited therein, was creditable. The exhibits of the Illinois and Kentucky Schools spoke well, and received due credit from the many who visited and examined the work. The display of text books from a number of schools was interesting. It was observed, however that there was a great diversity in the use of Histories and Arithmetics in the schools. Could not a more uniform course be adopted? There was some work of pupils on display. Examination showed that there was very little difference of attainment from one Institution and another. But one can not judge well in this matter where so few institutions made displays. It would be a good idea to have at a future convention a display of school-room work from every Institution in the country. In this way, it could be ascertained which of the schools was doing the best work in educating the deaf.

Our newspaper friends evidently have no appreciation of the newspaper fraternity, especially of the deaf variety. We should not call attention to it here had the slight gone no farther than to ourselves, but it was cast upon others, and that, too, in a way that showed courtesy to the deaf was at a discount up in Michigan. The *Exponent* man no doubt felt like us at the manner he was cast aside when asking a simple favor from the Secretary of the Convention Friday night. It was near eleven o'clock, and the convention was doing a rushing business. The poor light and the rapid twirling of fingers made it extremely difficult for the deaf to catch the names announced for the numerous chairmen of committees and committees. Not being able to decipher the names of a certain committee, we asked the secretary for the use of the list just handed to him and were gruffly referred to the interpreter or to watch him and get our information from him. A minute later Mr. Gallagher came up, and asked to see the list, and he was told by the secretary that he was too busy and tired. He had hardly stepped aside when the *Detroit Tribune* correspondent came dashing up, requested the same paper and was graciously accommodated, and from him we were enabled to copy our desired information. From this it is very plainly evident that a slight, whether intended or not, was thrown to the deaf by an officer of the convention, who should have treated all newspaper men alike. It is hoped that at future conventions, there will be secretaries enough and gentlemanly enough to treat fairly all who in their line of business may have occasion to call upon them for small favors.

The Ohioans seemed rather clannish. Generally of evenings after supper, some of them could be seen grouped together under trees, spinning yarns all to themselves. As a delegation, it was a large one—26 from the State, 21 of whom were connected with the Institution.

COLUMBUS END.

Quite a number of the deaf with their families spent the Fourth up at the Home. They were taken up and back in a large transfer wagon. Some of the boys went by wheel. There were forty-three in the company, and they had lots of good things to eat, besides having any amount of fun. Mr. Flenniken gave them a hearty welcome, and thoroughly enjoyed their stay. Things about the Home look well.

Misses Dundon, Kuhner and Biggam, went up to Cleveland to spend the Fourth. While there they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Christian Myer, who showed them about the city, and made their stay very pleasant.

Mrs. Mary Willing, of the bindery, from the 3d to the 5th, was in Akron and Canton. At the latter place she, with ten or fifteen other mutes, was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Monnin at their home on the 4th. The party was handsomely feasted by the host and hostess, and in every way made to feel at home. Mr. Monnin has collected $32 for the Home Fund, and expects to have the sum greatly increased by the time the reunion meets.

Miss Carrie M. Feasley is still at work in the interest of the Home Fund between times. She has collected in cool cash $504. The Cincinnati deaf are also awakening to the fact that their end of the State has been backward, and are promising to bring up a snug sum when the Alumni Association meets. By the way, Treasurer McGinnes has in his possession now a deed for the property, thus showing that it is paid for and the Association has a clear title to it. What is more, there is a surplus in the Treasury of nearly $100. What is collected hereafter goes towards putting the buildings in repair and for maintenance.

The Columbus party to the Convention left Flint Tuesday morning, most of them reaching home Tuesday night. Several stopped over at Toledo for a day or two, the last member getting into Columbus Thursday afternoon. They all felt about worn out from the week's work, and only too glad to get home for a season of rest. It was pretty cold up at Flint Tuesday morning, and fortunate were those who had brought along their wraps or overcoats. Some of the Kentucky Colonels who left Flint Monday night *via* Port Huron, had a wretched night of it at the latter place, stopping over several hours waiting for the boat to come in. The benches were just too uncomfortable to sleep on, and the cold kept them shivering, so between those two elements had they to combat.

A. B. G.

July 13, 1895.

BALTIMORE.

On the Fourth, it being Uncle Sam's Birthday, the Eagle screamed to frighten the chickens and make them run to hide themselves, so the members of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf were the chickens, and each separated going to the country and other resorts. Each member reported having a great glorious time.

A nice party of the deaf gentlemen and ladies went to see their friends, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Gallion, living near Perryman's, on July 3d. The train left this city for the village at 4.20 P.M., and arrived there before six o'clock. Then Mr. Gallion drove his friends to his home, eight miles from the station, and got home after seven o'clock. His house and trees were decorated with Japanese lanterns lighted by the Baltimoreans. At night, the rumbling of cannon, giant crackers, etc., were kept up with a ceaseless boom, boom, for two or three hours, and the dark clouds were reddened with reflection of burning lights and Greek fire, the blazing ball of the Roman candles and the rocket's red glare. It was a good chance for the boys and girls of a Sunday School who had a nice picnic on the same day, one mile from Mr. Gallion's home, were pleased to look up at the splendid fireworks display given by the deaf-mutes. At twelve o'clock the ladies went upstairs and the gentlemen had an enjoyable time playing and talking till two o'clock, when they got tired and fell asleep. On the Fourth the deaf-mutes got up at five o'clock, and many of the cannons, giant crackers, etc., were exploded very loudly for a few hours. The edibles, which were brought by the Baltimoreans, were served for their breakfast, dinner and supper. The deaf kept up their fun until evening, when the Baltimore mutes went home, and all reported having a glorious time. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Gallion and child, Mrs. Mays, Mr. W. Cairnes and James Fantom, all of Harford Co., Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Amoss and daughter, Misses Emma M. Schulte and Bertha W. Kreisel, Messrs. Wm. McElroy, Robert E. Underwood, John E. Fowble and H. S. Anderson, all of Baltimore.

Four deaf-mutes were at the cigar-store of Louis Nicholson, the deaf dealer, to wait for the clock striking twelve times for the Fourth. At twelve o'clock one of the deaf-mutes placed a giant cracker on the road and lighted it. It exploded loudly, and suddenly a brother of Louis heard a lady living opposite the store greatly frightened, cry out, "I am shot." He told the mutes about it, and they laughed heartily. The giant crackers were shot off three times, indicating three cheers for Uncle Sam's birthday.

Frank Leitner, the supervisor of the boys in the Western Pennsylvania School for the Deaf, was home on July 5th, after traveling on his wheel from Pittsburgh through Pennsylvania and Maryland.

Mr. John A. Branflick, the genial Secretary of the Society, went down to the Eastern shore on Wednesday night, July 3d, to join his wife and son Harry, who had been spending a three-weeks' visit to Mr. and Mrs. Lister at Easton. They came home on Saturday, having had a very enjoyable time.

On June 23d, three deaf bicyclists had a glorious time at Point Breeze, and they were Messrs. Fred. C. Lurmann, John S. Kavanaugh and Louis Nicholson. They started at 7 P.M., and Mr. Lurmann ran quickly on the return homeward, leaving the two other boys back in the distance. But he had the bad luck to bruise his forehead, chin and arm, by falling from his wheel, which got caught suddenly in a ditch in the road, and then the machinery was broken to pieces. It was through his careless act in not taking the control of the wheel. He had to hire a wagon to carry his broken bicycle home, and then sent it to New York to be repaired. He had bought a new bicycle for $150 from that city last month. The other boys rode on their wheels slowly and caught up with Mr. Lurmann. He had to go home in an electric car, while the boys came in on their wheels.

Miss B. Newmann and her parents went to Atlantic City last Monday to spend some days.

We were greatly shocked at the death of Miss Louisa Wheeler, which occurred at her home in Cambridge, Md., on Saturday morning, July 6th, at 5 A.M., of typhoid fever. Miss Wheeler had many friends in this city who sadly deplore her premature demise, she being only twenty-five years old. She graduated several years ago from the Maryland School for the Deaf.

Some of the members of the Society expect to go to Richmond on August 14th and 15th, to take in the Virginia Convention.

Yesterday afternoon Messrs. Wm. McElroy and Robert E. Underwood, and Misses Emma M. Schulte and Bertha B. Kreisel, were seen driving on Pimlico Road and through Druid Hill and Clifton Parks.

The Seventeenth Annual Reunion Picnic of the Deaf of Maryland will be held in Grove No. 3, Druid Hill Park, on Wednesday, July 24th. The Tenth Grand Excursion of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, to to Bay Ridge, Thursday, July 25th.

WILFORD.

July 15, 1895.

A DEAF-MUTE BECOMES INSANE.

FOUR POLICEMAN SCARCELY A MATCH FOR THE CRAZY LONGSHOREMAN.

Shortly before noon yesterday John O,Brien, 32 years of age, a deaf-mute, living at 37 Grove street, and employed as a longshoreman on the National Line Steamship Company's pier, near the foot of Canal street, got into dispute with two colored men employed on the same dock. The negroes, Henry Webb and Walter Carter, made motions which rendered the deaf-mute angry. He become so excited that he finally fell to the floor in a fit. Restoratives were applied. On recovering, O'Brien start to run up and down the pier, striking at every one whom he met. He had chased the foreman and a number of laborers from the dock when Policeman Hagan arrived.

Although no match for the lunatic, Hagan, after blowing for help, tackled him, and the two rolled over and over on the dock. The crazed mute was fast getting the better of the bluecoat when Policeman Bradshaw, Kolsted, and Waters came to his assistance. It required the combined effort of the four policeman to hold O'Brien to the dock while his legs were tied and an old pair of handcuffs, got from the steamer Europe, which was anchored alongside the the pier, slipped upon his wrists. Even then the lunatic struggled, and the policeman had to lie upon him to prevent his rolling into the water. An ambulance was at last summoned and the insane man taken to St. Vincent's Hospital, where he was placed in a straitjacket.

Just Think of it.

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO, June 29.—Frank Zierold and Loretta F. Zierold, deaf-mutes who were married three years ago, do not agree, and the husband is suing for a divorce. He wants alimony, too.

FANWOOD.

The Gallaudet-Budd Golden Wedding.

A TERRIFIC CYCLONE.

The Fishing Party and Their Luck--Other Notes.

(*From our Regular Correspondent.*)

Happy day which marked the fiftieth year of the blessed union of two young, responsive hearts, still glowing with all the ardency of youth, all the tenderness of rosy love—still beating, thrilling, as in the sweet bygone—unchanged—unchanging—unchangeable! united once, to never part! What perfect joy was that which Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet experienced on Monday, the 15th! From near and far, flocked in the grateful friends of him who has done so well to repay the kindness of that Providence which so long has blessed his wedded life, to do homage to their great benefactor. Seated in state on the chapel platform, the happy pair looked on with pleasure—the doctor in boyish mood, and his dear bride smiling in the tranquil dignity of a placid, cloudless sky—as the exercises proceeded, and the grateful tributes of the gay assemblage were presented. The doctor rose at frequent intervals to express the thanks of his dear wife and himself, and finally made a long address in signs, which his brother Edward interpreted to the hearing. The narrative of his courtship was short and frank, and everybody smiled when, referring to his youthful resolution not to imitate his papa in the choice of a wife, he blushingly confessed how, during his professorship at Fanwood in the forties, he fell an easy prey to the unconscious wiles of the bright and beautiful Miss Budd—a deaf-mute, like his mother. Truly his choice was a happy one, and household commotions have been few. He related how the wife of the late Bishop Potter, remarking the leonine resonancy of his voice on a certain occasion of former years, inquired of her reverend spouse the cause thereof, and received the plausible reply that it was owing to the fact that the doctor was never under the obligation of wasting his lung-power in nocturnal dispute with his irate mate, thus affording him ample rest for re-invigoration. At the conclusion of his address, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, in a lively reminiscent strain, told how, as a boy, he had received the first news of his brother's nuptials and pondered over the meaning of the word "bride," making all sorts of ridiculous speculations in that direction, till in the summer of 1845, he saw the mystery cleared, and face to face with that radiant vision of female loveliness, gracefully leaning on his big brother's throbbing arm, he forthwith, in his boyish susceptibility fell madly in love with her, only to find the hopelessness of his case, and console his breaking heart with the reflection and assurance that when he too became of age he would marry a lassie as fair. Continuing in this witty vein, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet kept the audience in the merriest mood, and when he ceased speaking everybody was sorry. Speeches were made by Rev. Messrs. Chamberlain, Turner and Dr. DaCosta, Rector of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, which at present embraces also the congregation of St. Ann's. Mr. Turner referred to sweet bygone days when Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and he were playfellows. Dr. DaCosta, while pretending to be "as out of place on the platform as a fish on dry land," still seemed perfectly at home as a speaker. His remarks were extremely witty—being interpreted in signs to the deaf. Last preceding the benediction by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, was a hearty rendition of "Auld Lang Syne," by Prof. Jones, with the rising chorus of all present, Prof. Fox leading. Everybody was convulsed with laughter, at the ludicrous manner of the little professor. After chapel, all present were photographed in a group on the front piazza, by Alex. L. Pach—I hope he won't disfigure *my* image, out of malice. Supper was served at 6.30 It was very light, but all were satisfied, and the yellow identification-ribbons of the company flapped joyously in the breeze of sweet converse. In the evening, dancing, that indispensible social function, held sway till nearly midnight, with musical accompaniment by an orchestral band. Then fled the guests home to dreamland. It was a splendid and memorable affair. Seldom see we such celebrations as this.

The unceremonious visit of an insane tornado, accompanied by a violent hail-storm, on Saturday afternoon, July 13th, rather disconcerted the tranquil surrounding woodland (which manifested a strong disposition to flee) and set all animate nature scooting for shelter. Through the animosity of the hail, the new floricultural structure lost a couple of panes (not *thirteen*, as the *mendacious* unblushingly assert), and made haste to raise a crop of flesh-balls on the fertile soil of sundry occiputs.

The pre-announced expedition to the Fishing Banks occurred at stated time, but on a different steamer—the "James B. Schuyler." Very few fish were caught, and in consequence the boys were cross and peevish, on their return. In August they expect to try their luck again, this time acompanying Editor Hodgson. Great anxiety about them was experienced when the cyclone of Saturday struck the city, and many grave were the speculations made as to their condition on the ocean. But in strange contrast, the sea was almost calm, and the rain came gently pattering down to soak all bending nimrod necks. Verily it was a narrow escape, and being the unlucky 13th, they rightly apprehended something unusual. The scarcity of the fish was perhaps attributable to this. In the future they will take care that the 13th does not fool them again.

Rev. Mr. Job Turner and Prof. Jones, between them, conducted the Sunday services in the boys' sitting-room. Prof. Jones related a strange and interesting story about a preacher who from a certain period in life to the moment of death, always wore a black veil over his eyes, and even then, no amount of persuasion could obtain its removal. To the grave he went, a human mystery. A parable by Rev. Mr. Turner concluded the services.

Mr. C. Koenig, a graduate, was here on Friday afternoon. He had just returned from a three-weeks' sojourn at Lackawanna, Pa.

Mr. James Britt, Valedictorian of 1894, was up to Fanwood on Sunday morning. He has an excellent job at Floral Park, L. I., but oh, they permit no vacations there.

Mr. C. E. Vernon, Masseur, of New York and Buffalo, was here one day last week. TRESBON.

July 17, 1895.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Miss Stella Hess, private secretary to Dr. A. L. E. Crouter of the Mt. Airy School, is spending her vacation in Bethlehem with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joshua K. Hess. Miss Hess is arranging for the annual picnic of the deaf of the Lehigh Valley to be held at Calypso Island, Bethlehem some time in August.—*Phila. Press.*

James M. Williams, who caught for the Mt. Airy baseball team this season, is now playing the same position with the Hamburg, Pa., baseball club. Williams was the best catcher Mt. Airy ever had.

A young woman, Mary Leandan, who says her home is in Philadelphia, is living with the Prices in South Easton. She is in destitute circumstances and has been wandering about the country, having been driven away from home by her cruel father and brother-in-law, as she says, who showed no interest in the poor, unfortunate deaf girl. She is deserving of charity, and until a few weeks ago was employed by the Silk Mill Co. at Allentown. She came to Easton, and has found work at the Easton Silk Mill. Her earnings are just enough to pay her board and she has no change of clothing, wearing one dress all the time, which was the gift of Miss Schmoyer, of Allentown. She has made many friends since her arrival in Easton, and the deaf of that place have taken a kindly feeling for her and have started a fund for her support.

Conventions of the deaf will soon be in order. The Convention at Flint is a thing of the past. The teachers have had their say now we come in for our share. The *Gazette* in a recent issue wants the discussion of the value of an exhibition at the conventions. It suggests that the deaf bring specimens of their work and have them on exhibition. That would be a good thing, and the hearing public could notice the work done by the deaf. For as I have always said that the deaf can equal, if not excel, the work of their hearing brethren, then to show there is truth in my statement let there be an exhibition at the conventions such as was explained in the *Gazette*. The deaf as a class are no longer behind their hearing brothers and can meet them on the same social and business plane. I would suggest that if the exhibitors have no further use for their specimens of work, that they generously present them to the Association, or let the Association award prizes for the best specimens in the different departments. The deaf man who turns out the best pair of shoes should be awarded first prize. The deaf woman who can make the best jelly, or bread and cake, shall take first prize, and so on. There is time now to show what we can do. W. L. D.

EASTON, July 15, '95.

Services in the Diocese of Albany.

JULY.

20—7:30 P.M.—St. Paul's Parish House, Albany, Lecture.
21—10:30 A.M., St. George's, Schenectady, Morning Prayer.
21—3:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, Evening Prayer.
21—7:30 P.M. St. Paul's, Troy, Evening Prayer.
28—3:00 P.M. St. Ann's, Amsterdam, Evening Prayer.

PHILADELPHIA.

At All Souls' Club last Thursday evening, Mr. B. R. Allabough related how he rode on his bicycle with Mr. Frank Leitner, from Pittsburgh to this city, and how he admired the work of the club and the church. Mr. Robt. M. Zeigler told how he travelled on his bicycle with Mr. Allabough to Fairview, Berks County, Pa., and back. Messrs. Reider, Waterhouse, McKinney and Mrs. Syle and others, gave recitations. The evening passed very pleasantly.

Messrs. Robt. M. Zeigler and B. R. Allabough started on their bicycles for Carlisle, Pa., yesterday.

Messrs. W. Houston and John M. Wismer left for New York City early this morning.

Mrs. M. J. Syle went over to New York yesterday forenoon.

Have I your permission to say a few words again? The Sunday School of All Souls' Church will have its grand excursion by the steamers "Brandywine" and "City of Chester," down the historic Delaware River to Gordon Heights, whence it will go on the latest improved open electric cars, *via* the river view route to Shellport Park, which has not been seen by any Philadelphian excursion party, giving a beautiful view of the river, and also of a scenic stretch of country for miles, Wednesday July 24th. The steamers leave Chestnut Street wharf at 7.45, 10.15 A.M., and 1.30 P.M.; electric cars leave the park at 4.45 and 7.45 P.M., for the steamers, which leave Gordon Heights at 5 and 8 P.M. Adults tickets, 50 cents; children, half price. No tickets will not be sold by the Committee after 7.45 A.M. on the day of the excursion.

The following amusing games will be given for prizes: egg race, by ladies and gentlemen; sack race, by men; three-legged race, two-bodied race, foot race, potato race, Boston game.

You will find everything that will please yourself and your friends, because there has been no expense or energy spared in providing every amusement feature known to the modern excursionists, and the grounds are under the guard of competent and courteous officers, who will use every effort to provide for the comfort of the excursionists. Come one, come all, and we will guarantee that you'll have a very good time. We do all in that way to help our poor church to pay off its burdensome debts.

The jolly Mutualists will do their best to amuse their friends on their excursion to Woodland Beach next Saturday.

Mr. Mary Rocap was recently made a happy grandma by her son, Dr. William Rocap, of Olney, Pa., who got a pretty treasure in shape of a little boy.

Ditto "Colonel" James E. Morony, a few days ago. Both have our congratulations.

Mr. Wm. F. Durian and your correspondent went over to Darby, Delaware County, Pa., this afternoon, where Mr. Durian was a very earnest house hunter, but came home disappointed. He will advertise for a house with a truck garden in a suburban town, for he wants to raise poultry to swell his treasury.

Mr. Joseph Dorfner resigned as a member of All Souls' Club last Tuesday evening, and went over to Brooklyn on business.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., July 14, 1895.

The Microbe of Death.

Dr. Wheeler of Chicago has discovered the "microbe of death." The doctor has pursued his investigations regardless of ridicule. He has hunted the microbe of death until he has caught it, and he finds that it resembles the microbe of consumption. If it can be destroyed, and no doubt it can, there is an end of death from what are called natural causes. Let us hope that this limitation of the discovery may be only temporary, and that a little further search will bring to light the "microbe of violent death," the extirpation of which will enable the human body to absorb revolver bullets like so many dewdrops, and make a thrust from a bowie knife like the puncture of a hypodermic syringe. Dr. Wheeler has experimented upon a dog and an animal has become immortal. Of course, there is a serious side to the question. The elimination of death from the contingencies of the human lot must be fraught with many inconveniences. It will ruin undertakers, cemetery companies and all doctors, with the exception of Dr. Wheeler, and it will create a population question of increasing gravity.

Ex-Secretary J. S. Orr of the Brooklyn Society and Mr. H. Evans had a long sail up the Sound to Glenwood, L. I., on Sunday. On their arrival at Glenwood they were the the guests of the Glenwood Fishing Club of which Mr. Orr's father is a member. They had a fine time in boating and sailing in a cat-boat belonging to the club. After boating they had clam bake in the club house. They remained at Glenwood for nearly five hours. Of course, "Our Jimmy" took his kodak along with him, and caught many views along the sail up the Sound. "Jimmy" is now busy finishing the pictures for the members of the club.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Pfeiffer and child, are summering at "Bellevue Villa," Highland, Ulster Co., N. Y.

The strongest man in Livingston Manor, Sullivan County, N. Y., is a deaf-mute. He is a graduate of Fanwood.

Mrs. W. H. Fosmire, of Jersey City, N. J., has been at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., for the past five weeks. She returned home on Tuesday, the 16th inst.

It is a very bad practice to spread false reports; it does the parties who spread them no good, and at the same time often injures innocent people's good names.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter and their little daughter Cornie, of Trenton, N. J., left for the Catskills on Tuesday last, where they spend part of their vacation.

The Owen House, Washington, D. C., owned by a brother of James L. Moylan, a deaf-mute, was badly damaged by fire on the morning of Saturday, June 15th.

A relative of Mr. Charles Deem, a graduate of the Ohio School, desires to know his address. Please write to the Rev. A. W. Mann, 922 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Clarence A. Boxley will leave Troy, N. Y., on July 28th, for New York City, whence he will go to Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, N. J., where he will sojourn for several weeks.

The husband of Mrs. J. P. Mosteller, who became insane several months ago, and was sent to the State Hospital, has been discharged, and has completely regained his health and mental strength.

Deaf-Mutes and their friends who will attend the excursion of the Union League next Tuesday, will be served by private caterers with refreshments of the best quality and at reasonable prices.

Mr. Anthony Capelli, assistant foreman of the JOURNAL office will again spend part of his vacation at Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. He will in all probability accompany Mr. Clarence A. Boxley, of Troy, N. Y., on the 29th inst.

Mr. and Mrs. John Sherman and four sons (deaf-mutes) are stopping in San Francisco. They go from house to house begging in the same way as in Los Angeles. Mr. Sherman is very stout in appearance, and they are pretty well dressed.

The deaf have to hustle to get at the top; it is a hard climbing, to be sure, but those who strive do succeed. It is always well to follow the example of those who have reached positions by hard work, than to attempt to succeed at a jump, only to fail. Success is achieved by honesty.

The number of deaf-mutes from New York City, who are spending a brief vacation either in the country or at seaside resorts, is very great this year. The hot spell has not yet struck town either. The numwill, of course, will increase later in the season, all of which shows that there is an increase of prosperity among the deaf-mutes of New York City.

Killed by a Train.

DEAF-MUTE MEETS A HORRIBLE DEATH ON THE RAIL.

STEUBENVILLE, O., July 9.—[Special]—Edward Wagner, deaf-mute, was struck by a Wheeling and Lake Erie passenger train at Brilliant, and his head smashed in, leg broken and hurt internally. He died shortly afterwards.—*Columbus, O., Press-Post.*

Rev. A. W. Mann, the deaf-mute clergyman, had a brief history of the Deaf-Mute Mission in Grace parish to contribute to the exercises at the fiftieth anniversary of Grace Church, Cleveland, O. It was read by Rev. Mr. Worthington, rector of the parish. The paper stated that for twenty years the work of giving spiritual instruction to deaf-mutes has been carried on by Grace Church. In 1875 Mr. Mann began the work which has extended over the entire Middle-Western States. Rev. Mr. Mann was ordained and has since engaged exclusively in that work.

There are now, according to his paper, 100 educational institutions for this class of unfortunates.

The first deaf-mute to receive ordination was Rev. Henry Winter Syle. He was ordained in Philadelphia in 1876. Three months afterwards Mr. Mann was ordained, he being the second deaf-mute to receive ordination. The work in this city is under the name of St. Agnes Deaf-Mute Mission. The communicant list shows forty names. Over 80 per cent of those confirmed came from other religious bodies.—*Cleveland, O., Leader, July 7.*

Were both Deaf and Dumb.

A short time ago there appeared in a New Haven morning paper a blood-curdling tale of how a couple of men hired a horse and carriage at a livery stable on Crown Street, and started for a ride to Savin Rock. They returned to the stable along Congress Avenue about 9 o'clock that night, and in so doing collided with a post, both men being thrown violently to the street. One of them sustained a fracture of the right arm.

It also states that the reporter could not learn the names of the occupants of the vehicle, and no wonder. It has since been ascertained that both men were deaf and dumb. When taken to the hospital, it was learned by means of pencil and paper that one man's name was John Donahue, of this city, and the other one was William Moran, of New Haven.

The facts of the case are that the two men were not "thrown violently to the street,' and no arms were broken. With the exception of a few bruises and torn clothing, they were none the worse for their ride.—*Brooklyn Times, July 8.*

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

WOMAN'S WORK IN ST. ANN'S CHURCH.

BY M. BOURCHIER SANFORD.

From the Churchman.

The central organization of St. Ann's Church is the Parish Guild, and at the guild's monthly meetings all the other organizations report. These societies continue their work in connection with the various departments of the Church of St. John the Evangelist, where St. Ann's congregation now worships.

The societies, conducted by women of the hearing and speaking division of St. Ann's, are as follows:—Sewing School, the Employment Society, the Visiting Association, the Altar Society, the Depository, St. Ann's Branch of the Church Periodical Club, St. Ann's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, the Floral Association, the St. Margaret's Society, Mothers' Meetings, Girls' Friendly Society, Daughters of the King, St. Mary's Guild, and Fresh Air Fund. In the Boys' Friendly Society, the Young Communicants' Club, St. Ann's Branch of the Church Temperance Society, and the Parish Library, there are women as well as men on the committees.

There are no special organizations for women among the deaf-mutes; but a Bible class for the deaf has been conducted for many years by a deaf-mute woman.

The Girls' Friendly Society of St. Ann's is the oldest branch of the G. F. S. in New York City. It was begun by Miss E. H. Wisner, in the basement of her house—18 West Twelfth Street—and shortly afterward transferred its headquarters to the guild room of St. Ann's; its membership increased, and it is one of the most active of that church's societies. Miss Elizabeth F. Gallaudet is the branch secretary, and the working associates are Misses E. H. Wisner, E. J. Houston, F. H. Withers, and C. Spieden.

The President of the Boys' Friendly Society is Mrs. Anne C. Bettner, who has been a faithful worker in the parish and the Sunday-school for many years. Some who were once boys in her class are now men in responsible business positions. On the night of the last meeting in the old guild room, I noticed a young man who was waiting to accompany Mrs. Bettner to her home. "He is one of her boys," said a bystander. "She was interested in him when he was a very little fellow. She used to come to the guild room long before the hour of meeting, so she would have time to give him lessons in English composition, and other branches. He is a credit to her care." The lads of the Boys' Friendly particularly enjoy their debating society, and though Mrs. Bettner does not attempt to suppress youthful good spirits, she insists that the meetings shall be decorously conducted. "My duty calls me to teach them good manners as well as good morals," she remarked to a visitor, who observed the courtesy of several little fellows. Mrs. Bettner also gives a yearly entertainment for the Parish Guild at her own expense. In addition to her work at St. Ann's, Mrs. Bettner visits the Tombs on Sundays during the summer and sings and plays for the prisoners.

Another who has labored long for St. Ann's is Miss E. H. Wisner. For twenty-seven years she has conducted the Mothers' Meetings. Grandmothers, who now bring their daughters-in-law with their children of the third generation, were the young mothers of the society at its inception. Some have moved to a distance, and yet manage to attend the meetings. One old member comes from South Brooklyn, another from Greenpoint, and a third from Newark. Cradles are on hand, and young mothers bring their babies with them. Miss Wisner varies the meetings as much as possible, and there is little formality in them. Weekly meetings are held in the afternoon. At the Wednesday evening monthly meeting, the members have refreshments and a social time. There is an annual entertainment, besides special festivities at Christmas and other holiday seasons. Some of the mothers have a savings bank account. They bring in small sums, perhaps a few cents, which Miss Wisner enters in her account book and in the smaller book of the depositor. When a member has saved five dollars, Miss Wisner transfers it for her to a savings bank. The knowledge that they have a small sum in bank is an inducement to many to add to it: so it increases, and is ready for emergencies. By another economic system, members order through Miss Wisner, blankets, bed linen, or other household necessaries. She is responsible for the articles, and they pay her on the instalment plan. Thus they invest in home comforts the small sums which might otherwise be frittered away. At one time, Miss Wisner had a coal supply for the mothers. By buying in large quantity, she could retail it at a lower rate than they paid at the stores. They paid money down for the coal. The plan worked well. These meetings have been entirely under Miss Wisner's direction, and after many years of association there is a very strong bond between her and the mothers.

The St. Margaret's Society is in chrrge of Mrs. Newman, Mrs. A. J. Lockwood, Miss M. E. Havell, and Miss Carine Nicholson. Its object is to provide clothing for the newborn infants of the poor, to assist the mothers during illness, and to help them as need may require when the children are brought to baptism.

The Employment Society, Mrs. J. H. Comer, President, furnishes employment, principally sewing, to many poor women. The clothing made by them is afterward given to the needy.

Mr. Katharine C. Fay is Superintendent of the Sewing School for children, which meets Saturday mornings. By way of giving special interest to her sewing class, Mrs. Fay set them to work on outfits for large dolls, with sotisfactory results. Sewing for the dollies was a new and delightful pastime, and some very fine work was turned out by the little fingers, which had sometimes grown weary over plain hems and seams on less interesting garments.

There are two Temperance Bands of Hope for women. The white branch is under the charge of Miss M. E. Havell, who is also a member of several committees. The Band for colored women is superintended by Miss Florence Williams, an earnest and intelligent colored woman.

Mrs. Edward H. Krans, wife of the rector, is President of St. Ann's Branch of the Woman's Auxiliary, and an active worker on several committees; among others, that of the Young Communicants' Club.

The President of the Visiting Association is Miss M. L. Sheafe. She is also President of the Parish Library Committee, and a member of other organizations.

Miss Edith Gallaudet is President of the St. Ann's Branch of Daughters of the King, which includes white and colored members. On Friday, April 19, at the last service held in the old guild room, three colored girls were admitted to membership. Under the circumstances, the prayer for the Parish, at the close of the service of admission, was peculiarly touching.

The admission of three new members to one of the active orders of the parish, on the eve of leaving the old and entering a new home, was significant, and indicative of an earnest purpose to continue the work. It is in accord with the close of an address to the parishioners: "In the temporary abode which the hospitality of our Christian brethren opens with cordial welcome to us, we are persuaded that we shall be able to worship and work as effectively and pleasantly as we could hope, under the circumstances, to do.

"Let us, then, minimize difficulties, be thankful for privileges, and submit to God's providential ordering, thus showing ourselves loyal and self-scarificing sons and daughters of the church."

GLEN ISLAND.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. McCaffrey and their very bright, pretty daughter, Mary Ellen, aged twenty-eight months, with the scribe, being too late to meet the good ladies of the St. Xavier Club in New York at the specified early hour and go with them to Glen Island by invitation, took the boat at the South 5th St. dock (Brooklyn) on Sunday morning June 30th, with the fond hope of meeting them at the East 32d Street pier, but, alas! we were doomed to disappointment. The weather was threatening with a little sprinkling at intervals, which accounted for the non-appearance of the fair ladies. We made out the best we could with ourselves among the very numerous strangers aboard taking in the beautiful scenery, ploughing among the many islands in the Sound, looking over the Sunday *New York Herald*, and rattling our silent chin, or rather hand, music alternately till we arrived at Glen Island about 11 A.M. We went straightly to the great lunch rooms and satisfied our inner man. We roamed about seeing and admiring so many surprising, novel sights. It is my humble opinion that Glen Island is about the most beautiful and romantic resort. I have had the fortune ever to see, and know whereof to affirm it. I, being a Marylander born to the manor till I moved to Greenpoint three years ago, used to visit many beautiful resorts along the shores of the world renowned Chesepeake Bay, whose marine luxuries are known and highly relished all over the civilized hemispheres, commanding princely prices, can affirm that the said island surpasses them in most respects, barring the eatables. There you, gentle readers, may see natured clothed in multi-colored array of grand Flora, before which all the much written of and praised glories of the wise King Solomon of old scriptural history would pale and shrink into obscurity, adorning the slopes and spaces, here and there in such variety, beauty and extent, here the splendid zoo, birds, fish and shell fish flashing, playing in large glass cases of water. Now and anon Oriental buildings, towers and strange scenery from distant climes arrest your attention; "Little Germany" enchants your admiration and wonder with its castles of old baronial feudal times, its caves, its aerial stairways leading among rocks to the eagle's eyries, where the restaurants high above head are distributing its own imported native wines, beer and viands that would set the Germans and German America mutes wild with delight and enthusiasm for old "Faderland." Here is a curious fountain, in the centre of one of the little lakes, of arches, gables and odd and fantastic formations, over whose cascades the miniature falls tumble down below, while several funny seals are playing around it. The Island covers a large territory full of glorious, novel things, which renders great, efficient aid to study of natural history, botany, architecture. I would advice the clubs, especially German, to visit that lovely island individually, or in group excurisioning.

When we returned to the boat en route homeward, we were delighted to meet four "dear creatures" of the above said club, who braved the fretful weather, viz., Miss M. C. McCaffrey, the amiable founder and mother of the Club, Miss Maggie Hazzard, Miss Nonca Joyce, Miss Nonie Wholihan and Miss Lizzie Miller.

En route we enjoyed their pleasant company, thanking them, Miss McCaffrey in particular, for their kindness and the winning antics of the sweet-faced baby, Mary Ellen, who is quite a favourite with the Club. Those four ladies were the only ones of the club who went to the Island, starting at 2 P.M., and came home with us. They got off at 32d Street, bidding us goodbye, we returning home to Greenpoint by way of South 5th Street, Brooklyn. We had a good old time

MARYLANDER.

GREENPOINT, July 1, '95.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAF-MUTES CELEBRATE A COTTON WEDDING IN FINE STYLE—PROMINENT DEAF-MUTES PRESENT—REV. THOMAS WIDD AND THE TROUBLESOME TURKEYS—EXCITING DUCK AND PULLET RACE—A FINE BANQUET.

Our friends the deaf-mutes had a jolly time last night. They were all in attendance at the cotton wedding of deaf-mute Henry Kracke, who lives away over in the fields and plains a couple of miles beyond the Orphan Asylum on the East Side. The house of festivity is not a very big affair, but had it been as large as the orphan asylum itself it could not have found room for all the enthusiasm and the exuberance of the deaf-mutes.

The couples came by threes and fours, and one noticeable feature was the lack of squabbling about bonnets and dresses. Sometimes a couple of mutes would face each other and wriggle their hands and fists at each other and then make faces, just as Chief Glass does when he is playing with his pet cat with the bald-headed spine. Everybody upon entering was greeted by a shower of cotton. A mighty wad lodged in one mute's throat, and he was carried out on a shutter. He has been spitting cotton ever since. After the guests were comfortably established, the fun began, and was kept up fast and furiously.

GREAT WADS OF COTTON

Filled the atmosphere and the eyes of the guests. Everybody got to sneezing, and many turned their nasal membranes out, and one old fat woman coughed and sneezed so hard that the lining of her mouth turned inside out and reposed serenely on her bosom, like a tobacco-pouch. One manly mute went to the rescue and poked it back with a bean-blower, with which he was bombarding the guests.

The first event of the evening was a race between a brocaded satin duck and a cock-eyed pullet. The start was exciting. Round and round the room flew the contestants, under chair and tables, between boxes of refreshments and the feet of the guests. The pullet was in the lead and won the heat by a beak.

The duck might have won, but it was stern heavy. One mute suggested a remedy. He tied a castor about the helm of the duck, and then it was all right.

The second heat was started.

CHASING THE DUCK.

Away they went again. The duck was slow at first, but as soon as it got onto the trial balance, away it went dragging its caboose on the castor. Whew! how it flew! But what was the matter? The duck rolled over on its back, with its feet in the air, and the cock-eyed pullet won the race. The duck had gone so fast that the castor had become red-hot, and had cooked the duck then and there. The assembled guests pounced upon it and devoured it on the spot.

The man who owned the cock-eyed pullet was awarded the prize. It was billed as gin, and with eyes sticking out of his head and his mouth watering the carpet, he went forward to get his gin—but it was only a cotton-gin.

The banquet was announced. The bill of fare was an elaborate article, and contained many things dear to the deaf-mute throat. It was as follows:

Soup.
Army Bean.
Rural Sucker.
Fish.
Entries.
Lamb Stew. Hamburger Steak.
Texas Tamales.
Roasts.
Turkey.
Vegetables.
Green Peas. Baked Potatoes.
Sauerkraut Boiled Potatoes.
Desert.
Strawberries. Oranges. Candies.
Peanuts and Ice Cream.

For a wind-up an *Express* joke was served up, with chestnut sauce; but the guests couldn't digest it on account of its whiskers.

The banquet occasioned several casualties.

Mr. Chidester got an army bean lodged in his nasal passage, and nearly went into hysterics.

Mr. Livingston was afraid of the turkeys, who insinuated themselves into the company of the revelers and kept bitting the legs of the guests. Mr. Widd made faces at them, and the turkeys fled in appearent alarm.

The turkeys were so noisy that the deaf-mutes couldn't hear themselves talk. A coopful of turkeys fell from its lodging in a tree and came down with a crash into Mr. Reckweg's soup plate, liberating half a dozen dismayed turkeys. The guests

FLED IN CONSTERNATION

And during the stampede Mr. Widd ran his head "foreninst" a bee hive, and now his head resembles a section of the Sierras.

Mr. Kracke is a professional turkey-raiser, and disposes of his birds to the Gallaudet Society for $10 or $12 apiece. The turkeys insisted on biting Rev. Widd's legs, and nearly snapped them in twain.

After the banquet the guests went into the house and indulged in conversation and squabbling until daybreak.

Mr. Livingston hauled a metwurst sausage out of his pocket. Mr. Reckweg said he had met worst things than that. The joke was considered so bad and ungrammatical that it was forwarded to Mr. Le Veen of the Eczema, and will probably appear in that paper.

Chief Glass was there, and hooked a Texas tamale and an army bean. He tried to eat both at the same time, but choked so badly that he ran all the way home.

Supervisor Hay started for the scene, but got his whiskers caught in the Orphan Asylum fence and was held there all night long. Deputy Assessor Hades Schwannecke was there, and tried to assess the cock-eyed pullet, the brocaded duck, the turkeys and the Chief's chin tail but he was driven out, and then chased the *Record's* deaf-mute reporter all the way home to collect a tax on his breath. He would have succeeded, had not the reporter (who had partaken freely of the mute mescal) attempted to blow out an electric-mast light. His breath caught on fire and burned so freely that Hades Schwannecke ran away, thinking he had seen the devil himself.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Lincoln's Simplicity.

An incident that has probably never appeared in print was related by Schuyler Colfax regarding Abraham Lincoln. It was during the dark days of 1864, on the evening of a public reception given at the White House.

A young English nobleman was just being presented to the President. Inside the door, overawed by the splendid assemblage, was an honest-faced old farmer, who shrank from the passing crowd until he and the plain-faced old lady clinging to his arm were pressed back to the wall. The president, tall, and in a measure stately in his personal appearance, looking over the heads of the assembly, said to the English nobleman, "Excuse me, my lord, there's an old friend of mine."

Passing backward to the door, Mr. Lincoln said as he grasped the old farmer's hand: "Why, John, I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since you and I made rails for old Mr.——in Sangamon County in 1847. How are you?"

The old man turned to his wife with quivering lip, and without replying to the salutation said, "Mother, he's just the same old Abe."

"Mr. Lincoln," he said finally, "you know we had three boys. They all enlisted in the same company. John was killed in the 'seven days' fight.' Sam was taken prisoner and starved to death, and Henry is in the hospital. We had a little money, an' I said: 'Mother, we'll go to Washington an' see him. An,' while we are there, we'll go an' see the President.'"

Mr. Lincoln's eyes grew dim, and across the rugged, homely face swept the tender wave of sadness his friends had learned to know; and he said: "John, we all hope this miserable war will soon be over. I must see all these folks here for an hour or so, and I want to talk with you." The old lady and her husband were taken into a private room in spite of all the protests, and at the end of the reception had a real visit with the president.

The Union League Excursion.

As the day for the Excursion of the Deaf-Mute's Union League, Tuesday, July 23d, is near at hand, we desire to give a few facts to our friends and the public.

The Club has engaged the steamer "Cygnus," of the Iron Steamboat Company, which will leave 23d Street and North River at 8.45 A.M., Pier No. 1 (new) at 9.00 A.M., and 21st Street and East River at 9.30 A.M., on July 23d.

Laurelton Grove is about 42 miles distant.

It has about fifty acres, with level and shady grounds, and has all attractive features of the seaside, combined with unsurpassed natural beauties.

That Grove used to be our wealthy public's summer resort.

There is a fine dancing pavilion, where you can while away the afternoon in the dizzy waltz.

There is a well of pure spring water, ample facilities of bathing, boating, fishing and driving; also swings, a shooting gallery, etc.

Prof. Davis' orchestra will discourse the music.

Refreshments will be served on the boat at a fair prices by Mr. F. W. Nuboer as a first class private caterer. Come and try his things.

The boat has a capacity of 1800 persons.

The committee have gone to great expense in this undertaking, they have arranged everything conducive to the welfare and pleasure of the excursionists.

Come one and all, and you will be welcomed. Don't forget: Boat will leave West 23d Street, North River, on July 23d, at 8.45 A.M., Pier No 1. (new) at 9 A.M., and East 21st Street, East River at 9.30 A.M.

JAMES B. GASS,
Chairman Com. of Arrangements.

Eleventh Annual

PICNIC

OF THE

Brooklyn Society

of Deaf-Mutes

Ridgewood Colosseum

Ridgewood, L. I.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

JULY 27, 1895

Tickets, - - 25 cents

Children under twelve free.

A special feature of the Picnic will be a prize of 12 Duryea's fine Imperial (Photos), at 10 cents a chance. Tickets for it can be bought of Mr. T. Godfrey. The drawing will take place at eleven o'clock P.M. under the management of Mr. H. L. Juhring, assisted by a disinterested outsider.

Music by Prof. J. J. Bauer

ROUTES—Take the Union Elevated Railroad, Myrtle Avenue, Gates Avenue, Bushwick Avenue. Union Trolley cars leave 34th Street Ferry for Long Island Railroad at 1, 2.50, 3.50, 4.40, 5.50 and 6 P.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
Henry L. Juhring, *Chairman*,
W. A. Moore, H. Conlon.

Second Season

GRAND PICNIC

OF THE

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

ROSEVILLE PARK, Newark, New Jersey

Saturday, August 31

Music by Conway's Orchestra

TICKETS, - 25 CTS.

DIRECTIONS.

From New York City—Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad (foot of Barclay or Christopher Streets) to Roseville Station. By the Pennsylvania Railroad (foot of Cortlandt or Desbrosses Streets) to Market Street Station, Newark, thence by Orange Street Trolley Cars to Roseville.

The following athletic contests will be held, and valuable prizes awarded to the winners: One hundred yards hurdle race, sack race, three-legged race. For the ladies there will be two events, as follows: Potato race and throwing the baseball.

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE.
Emil Scheifler, *Chairman.*
Frank Lennox, John Limpert,
John Black, Edward Manning.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is the best paper for deaf-mutes. It contains all the news about the Deaf. Now is the time to subscribe, only $1 a year--52 weeks.

TO CONVENTIONS

I am prepared to take large Phototypes or Heliotypes of Conventions for the following prices:

SIZE OF NEGATIVES—
18x22, $1.00 each.
14x17, 75 cents.
11x14, 50 cents.

Don't engage Artists with little Guns, but make your arrangements with us, since we keep a big Gun ready to do effective work.

Unlike photographs, phototypes never fade.

Ranald Douglas,
Livingston, N. J.

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Pictures
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Honest *gold toning*, each operation separate, insures permanent work. You have never seen a faded or stained PACH picture.

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Not how CHEAP, but how GOOD.

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EASTON, Pa.

SEVENTEENTH CONVENTION

OF THE

Empire State Association

of Deaf-Mutes

WILL BE HELD AT **Saratoga Springs,** NEW YORK

ON

Thursday and Friday, August 15 and 16, 1895

IN THE

PARISH HALL OF BETHSEDA CHURCH.

PROGRAMME.

First Day--

10:45 P.M.—
Address of the President, and its discussion.
Reports of Secretary and Treasurer.

AFTERNOON, 2 P.M.—
Reports of Committees.
Reading of papers by prominent deaf-mutes, and their discussion.

EVENING, 7:30 P.M.—
Church Services by Rev. C. O. Dantzer in Bethseda Church.

RECEPTION, 9:45—
In the Parish Hall, to the members of the Empire State Association and their friends.

Second Day--

9 A.M.—
Unfinished Business.
Election of Officers.
Adjournment of Business Meeting.
The rest of the day will be devoted to visiting the various points of interest of this famous resort.

HOTEL RATES.

Congress Hall, $3 to $5; Adelphi Hotel, $3; The American, $2.50; Commercial, $2; Everett, $2; Bates, $2; Albemarle, $1.50 to $2.50.

Elmwood Hall, a first-class boarding house at 48 Maple Avenue, near Broadway, makes a special rate of $1 a day each for two in a room; or, one in a room, $1.25 to $1.50; Lodging alone, 50 cents.

All the other hotels are run on the "American Plan," that is, lodging alone is not given.

ROUTES AND RAILROADS.

The Delaware and Hudson Railroad connects Saratoga with outside points.

Trains leave Schenectady at 7:00, 9:20, A.M., and 1:40 and 5:00 P.M., reaching Saratoga at 7:45 A.M., 9:58 A.M., 2:20 P.M., and 5:40 P.M., respectively. The fare one way is 80 cents, or $1.52 for the round trip, good 30 days.

Trains leave Albany at 6:50 A.M., 8:30 A.M., 9:30 A.M., 1:05 P.M., 3:10 P.M., 4:40 P.M., 6:45 P.M., and 8:15 P.M., reaching Saratoga at 7:55 A.M., 9:45 A.M., 10:50 A.M., 2:15 P.M., 4:20 P.M., 5:55 P.M., 8:00 P.M., and 9:15 P.M., respectively. Additional trains leave Troy. The fare one way from Albany is $1.17, or round trip good 30 days, $2.13. From Troy one way $.99, or 30 day round trip $1.89.

New York and Brooklyn deaf-mutes would find it advantageous to take the night boat of the Peoples Line of Steamers (from pier 41 North River, foot of Canal Street). The fare to Albany is $1.50 or $2.50 for the round trip. Staterooms are from $1 to $3, according to location; all the $1 rooms being on the inside. There are two berths in a room, and any couple could split the expense by engaging a single room. This company also sells a 30-day round trip ticket to Saratoga for $4.74.

All railroads have regular reduced round trip rates to Saratoga. From Utica, this rate is $4.50; Rome, $5.00; Oneida and Canastota, $5.50; and Syracuse, $6. Special *lower* rates have not yet been obtained on railroads.

C. O. DANTZER, *President.*

J. H. EDDY, *Secretary.*

SIXTH ANNUAL EXCURSION

OF THE

Deaf-Mutes' Union League,

TO

LAURELTON GROVE, Long Island Sound.

TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1895,

By the Iron Steamboat "CYGNUS."

Music by Prof. H. I. Davis.

TICKETS, - - - .50 CENTS.

Children's tickets, (from 5 to 12 years) 25 cents.

BOAT LEAVES:
West 23d Street, 8:45 A.M.
Pier 1 North River, 9 A.M.
East 21st Street, 9:30 A.M.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS:
James B. Gass, *Chairman.*
A. C. Bachrach, C. A. Bothner, M. Levy.
G. M. Taggard. M. Loew. C. Lorenz, Jr.